

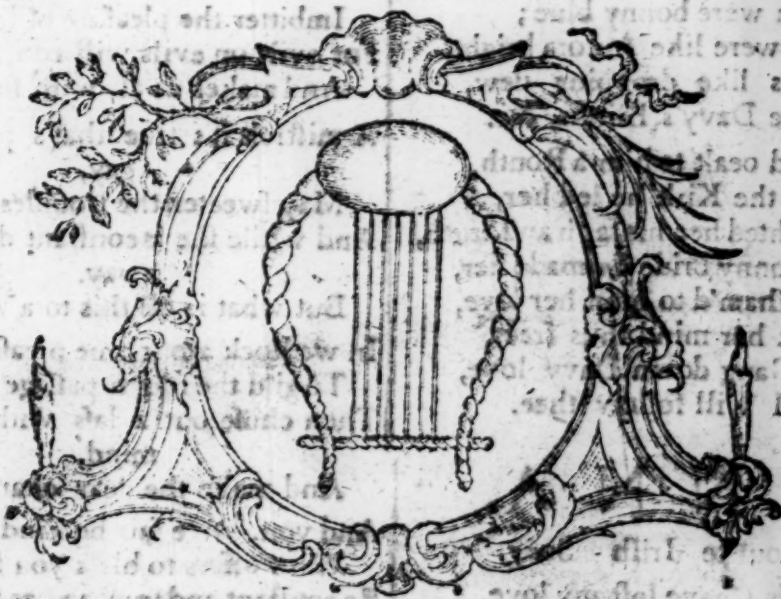
Merry Songster's

C O M P A N I N .

CONTAINING

The following New Favourite SONGS.

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Printed and Sold at the PRINTING-OFFICE, Vinegar-Yard, Drury Lane.

Where great variety of other Articles, may be had.

THE
Favorite Scotch Song,
CALLED

Down the Burn Davy Love,
Sung by Mrs. HUDSON, at Vauxhall.

When trees did bud and fields were
green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see,
When Mary was compleat fifteen,
And Love laugh'd in her e'en;
Blythe Davy's blinks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus free,
Gang Down the Burn Davy love
Down the Burn Davy love,
Down the Burn Davy love,
And I will follow thee.
Down the Burn, &c.

Now Davy did each lad surps,
That dwelt on this Burn side
And Mary was the boniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride,
Blythe Davy's Blinks, &c.
Her cheeks were roses, red and white,
Her e'en were bonny blue;
Her looks were like Aurora bright.
Her lips like dropping dew,
Blythe Davy's Blinks, &c.
As fate had dealt to him a Routh,
Strait to the Kirk he led her,
There plighted her his faith and truth,
And a bonny bride he made her,
No more ashamed to own her love,
Or speak her mind thus free,
Gang down Davy love,
And I will follow thee.

A. N. N. A.

A Favourite Irish Song.

Shepherds I have lost my love,
Pray have you seen my Anna,
Pride of every shady grove,
Upon the Banks of Banna.

I, for her my home forsook
Near yon misty mountain,
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
Greenwood shade and fountain,
Never shall I see the more,
Until her returning,
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladness chang'd to mourning
Whither is my charmer flown,
Shepherd tell me whither,
Ah woe for me ere she's gone,
For ever and for ever.

THE
ROVER RECLAIMED

I Rambled about a twelvemonth I vow
In search of a damsel for life,
For roving perplexed me I could not tell
how,
So I ventur'd at last on a wife.
The girls of the town each rake must
well know,
Imbitter the pleasure of life,
For evils on evils will constantly flow
And makes us all wish for a wife.
A mistress it's true that's pleasing and
gay,
May sweeten the troubles of life,
And while she is constant daive sorrow
away,
But what is all this to a wife.
In wedlock alone true pleasure we find
To gild the rough passage thro' life,
Then chuse out a lass with a delicate
mind,
And make the dear charmer a wife
And you, O ye fair be kind to the man
Who offers to bless you for life,
Be constant and true, and as fond as you
can,
For these are the charms of a wife.

The Middlesex Farmer,

AT night with the woodlark I rest,
I rise each morn with the same,
By the note of the nightingale how I am
blest,
I laugh at the trumpet the trumpet of
fame,

My meals without riches are crown'd,
Fair temperance comes in their stead,
At my table tho' plenty be found,
By virtue my footsteps are led.
How many proud buildings I see,
How many proud buildings I see,
Let the Lords of them envy who will,
My ease and my cottage for me,
I labour but leave when I please,
I study but not to my heart,
My life is a compound of ease,
Avoiding all courtiers at court.
Peace dwells in my roof that his low,
To give up the pride of fair room,
No envy no hatred no malice shall grow
While love truth and ease are in bloom
Of health not of state do I dream,
So sweet is my dream till I rise,
Dick whistles to plough with his team,
And I to my herd with fresh joys.
I smile at my country's increase,
In commerce religion and arms,
My hand and my heart oh my heart is
for such,

A Briton whom liberty liberty warms
See Britons flags streaming with silks,
Display glory that we all may be free
May liberty never want a wilkes,
Nor wilkes never want liberty.

RURAL FELICITY

A Favorite Song.

IN the morn as I walk'd thro' the mead
And tread on the carpet of green,
When I view the sweet flock as they feed
What equals the beautiful scene,
Through the groves as I pass'd with
delight

In view of yon ever-green pine,
What sensation I feel at the sight,
Of a prospect so rural and fine.
Hark the birds as they perch on the bough
With melody pleasing the ear,
See the hind from afar with his plough
Denoting the time of the year,
As I stray'd through the neighboring
vale,

Encompass'd by mountains so high,
O what charms do I find in the day,
By the streams that run bubbling by,
At the foot of yonycamore tree.
Sits the shepherd tuning his reed,
While his lambs skip around him with
play,

His sheep along side of him feed,
O'er yon beautiful lawn do I see,
The hare with timidity fly,
How delightful's the music to me,
Of the echo of dogs in full cry:
But what harmony's that which I hear,
'Tis the bells from yon neighboring
Oh how pleasing's the sound to my ear,
By the side of this murmuring rill
There's no pleasure to me so sweet,
As that which the country gives,
I am happy thank God at my seat,
Where Rural Felicity lives.

I Do as I Will with my swain.

A new Song.

Sung in the Public Gardens.

I Do as I will with my swain,
He never once thinks I am wrong,
He likes nance so well on the plain,
I please him so well with my song.
A Song is the Shepherd's delight,
He hears me with joy all the day,
He's sorry when comes the dull night
The hastens the end of my lay,
With spleen and with care once oppress'd
He ask'd me to sooth him the while
My voice set his mind all at rest,
And the shepherd would not
smile.

Since when or in mead or in ove,
By his flocks on the clear river side,
I sing my best songs to my love,
And to charm him is grown all my
pride.

No beauty had I to endear.
No treasure of nature or art,
But my voice that had gain'd on his ear,
Soon found out the way to his heart,
To try if my voice would not please,
He took me to join in the terong,
I won the rich prize all with ease,
And my fam's gone abroad with my
song.

But let me not Jealousy raise,
I wish to enchant but my swain;
Enough then for me is his praise,
I sing but for him the lov'd strain,
When Youth, Welth, and beauty may
fail,
And your shepherds elude all your
skill,

Your sweetness and song may prevail,
And gain all your swains to your will.

THE R A P T U R E,

Sung at Marybone Gardens.

WHile on my dear bosom lying,
Celia who can speak my bliss,
Who the rapture I'm enjoying,
When thy balmy lips I kiss.

II.

Every look with love inspires me,
Every touch my bosom warms,
Every melting transport fires me,
Every joy is in thy arms.

III.

These dear eyes how soft they languish,
Feel my heart with rapture beat,
Pleasure turns almost to anguish,
When the transport is so great.

IV.

Look not so divinely on me,

Celia I shall die with bliss,
Yet yet, turn those eyes upon me,
Who'd not die a death like this.

F A I R H E B E, A N E W S O N G.

FAir Hebe I left with a cautious design
To escape from her charms and to
drown them in wine,
I try'd it, but found when I came to
depart,
The wine in my head, but love still in
my heart:

I repair'd to my reason intreated her aid,
Who paus'd on my cause and each
circumstanced weigh'd,
Then gravely pronounc'd in return to
my pray'r,
That Hebe was fairest of all that was
fair.

That's a truth reply'd I, I've no need
to be taught,
I come from a council to find out a
fault:

If that's all quoth Reason return as you
came,
To find fault with Hebe would forfeit
my Name.

What hopes then alas of relief from
my pain,

When like lightning the darts thro'
each throbbing veign,
My senses surpriz'd, in her favour to
arms,
And reason confirms me a slave of her
charms.

THE MAID'S ADVICE.

SHEPHERDS, would ye hope to
please us,
You must ev'ry humer try;
Sometimes flatter, sometimes teaze us
Sometimes laugh, and sometimes cry

Soft

oft denials are but trials
Of the heart we wish to gild;
Tho' we're shy, and seem to fly,
If you pursue, we fly in vain.

The TEMPEST of WAR.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at VAUX-HALL

LET the Tempest of War

Be heard from afar,
With Trumpets' and cannons' Alarms

Let the brave, if they will,
By their Valour or skill,

Seek Honour and Conquest in Arms,
To live safe and retire,

Is what I desire,
Of my Flocks and my Chloe possess:

For in them I obtain
True Peace without Pain,

And the lasting Enjoyment of Rest:
In some Cottage or Cell,

Like a Shepherd to dwell,
From all Interruption at Ease,

In a Peaceable Life,
To be blest with a wife,

Who will study her husband to please

HOBBINOLL AND DOLL,

Sung by Mr. GILSON, at Vaux-Hall.

WHEN Hobbinoll entreated Doll,
Within the Grove to enter;

She hung her Head, and blushing said,
She was afraid to venture:

For there poor Nan put faith in Man,
And sorely does repent her,

Which made her fear no good was
near,

And therefore will not venture.
His fond request he eager prest,

And Swore no Harm he meant her
By Honour sway'd be not disinay'd,

But kindly with me venture.
On Wedlock bent, was all he meant,

Would that (he said) content her;
To prove me true yon Steeple view,

Say—will my Dolly venture.

SUMMER.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel, at Vaux-hall

NOW gay Summer's ripen'd bloom

Frolics where the winter frown'd
Stretch'd upon the Banks of Broom;

We command the prospect found,
Nature in the Landscape yields,

Humble Dales, and Mountaint bold
Meadows, Woodlands, Heaths, and

Fields,
Yellow'd o'er with waving gold.

Linnets on the crouded Sprays,
Chorus—and the woodlarks rise,

Sparring with a Song of praise,
Till their warblings reach the skies

Painted Gardens, Grotts, and Groves,
Inteamingling Shade with Light;

Lengthen'd Vistas, green Alcoves,
Join to give the Soul Delight,

THE MODEST QUESTION.

CAN love be controul'd by advice

Can Madness and Reason agree,
O Molly who'd ever be wise,

If Madness is loving of thee,
Let Sages pretend to despise,

The Joys they want Spirits to taste
Let me seize old Time as he flies,

And the Blessings of Life while
they last.

Dull Wisdom but adds to our cares,
Brisk love will improve ev'ry Joys

Too soon we may meet with grey hairs
Too late may repeat being coy;

Then Molly for what should we stay,
Till our best blood begins to run cold

Our youth we can have but To-day
We may always find time to grow

old.

JOANNY

THE MAID TO MY MIND,

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vaux-Hall.

I Have seriously weigh'd it, and find
it but just,
That a wife makes a man either blessed
or curst,
That a wife makes a man either blessed
or curst,
I declare I will marry ah can but find
Mark me well ye young lasses the maid
to my mind, I declare, &c.
Not the pert little miss who advice
will despair,
Nor the girl that's so foolish to think
herself wise,
Nor she who to all men alike would
prove kind,
Not one of these three is the maid to
my mind,
Not the proud who is Publick will,
never be free,
Yet in private a toying for ever will
be,
Not conquest that's too forward nor
jilt that's unkind,
Not one of these three is the maid to
my mind,
Nor she who for pleasure her husband
will slight,
Nor the positive dame who thinks
always she's right,
Nor she who a-dupe to the fashions
inclin'd,
Not one of these three is the maid to
my mind.
But the fair with good nature and
carriage genteel,
Who her husband can love and no
secrets reveal,
In whose breast I may virtue with
modesty find,
This ths and this only's the maid to
my mind.

A N E W
Favorite S O N G,
Called the
Greenwood Tree.

Y O U N G Colin have much to say,
In secret to a maid,
Persuaded her to leave the hay,
And seek the embowering shade,
When after roving with his mate,
Where none cou'd hear or see,
Upon the velvet ground they sat,
Under the greenwood tree.
Your charms says Colin fire my breast,
What must I for them give,
No night nor day can I have rest,
I can't without you live,
My herds, my flocks, my all is thine,
Cou'd ycu and I agree,
Oh wou'd you to my wish incline,
Under the greenwood tree.
All this but serv'd to fire his mind,
She knew not what to do,
Till to his suit she wou'd be kind,
He would not let her go,
His his welth the youth display'd,
No longer coy was she,
To church he led the blushing maid,
From under the greenwood tree.

A Favorite S O N G.

R Ail no more ye learned asses,
Gainst the joys the bowl supplies,
Sound its depth and fill your glasses.
Wisdom at the bottom lies,
Fill 'em higher still, and htgher,
Shallow draughts perplex the braia,
Sipping quenches all our fire,
Bumpers light it up again.
Draw the scene for wit and pleasure,
Enter jollity and joy,
We for thinking have no leisure,
Manly mirth is our employ,
Since in life there's nothing certain,
We'll the present hour engage,
And when Death shall drop the durtain,
With applause we'll quit the stage.

JOHNNY AND MOLLY.

HARK hark the wars calls me away
 My dearest dear I cannot stay,
 For I am going to fight proud Spain,
 Altho' I leave you altho I leave you,
 Altho' I leave you love dont complain
 O dearest Johnny, say not so,
 I ne'er can yield to let you go,
 For if in the wars you should be slain
 I shall never, no, no, never,
 Never shall see my dear jewel again,
 Take me on board my dear said she,
 And well conted I will be,
 No storms nor dangers will I fear,
 I will venture boldly venture,
 In strong battles with you my dear,
 Amorous Molly Charmer fair,
 To hear you talk I can't forbear,
 Women in wars will frighted be,
 I am in hopes love I am in hopes love
 For to return in all joy to thee,
 When the war is over, and all's at
 peace,

I hope our joys they will increase,
 Then I will return to my turtle dove,
 And in sweet pleasure out of measure,
 Telling sweet prating tales of love,

A NEW SONG.

AS now my bloom comes on apace
 The swains begin to teize me,
 But two who claim the foremost place
 Try different ways to please me,
 To judge a-right and chuse the best,
 Is not so soon-deceived,
 When both their merits are expressed,
 I may be less divided,
 Palamon's flocks unnumber'd stray,
 He's rich beyond all measure,
 Would I but smile be kind and gay,
 He'd give me all his treasure,
 But then our years so disagree,
 So much as I remember,
 It but May I'm sure with me,

With him it is December.
 Can I who scarcely am in bloom,
 Let frost and snow be fuing,
 'T would spoileach rip'ning joy to come
 Bring every charm to ruin,
 For dres and shew to touch my pride
 My little heart is panting,
 But then there's something else beside
 I soon shall find was wanting.
 Then Colin thou my choice shalt gain
 For thou wilt ne'er deceive me,
 And grey hair'd wealth shall plead in
 vain,
 For thou hast more to give me,
 My fancy paints thee full of charms,
 Thy looks so young and tender,
 Love beats his new and fond alarms,
 To thee I now furrender.

R O N D E A U.

Sung by Mrs. W. RICHIEL, at Vaux-Ha

FAithless Damon's turn'd a Rover,
 From my longing Arms he flies,
 Soon return thou perjurd Lover,
 Or your hapless Coelia dies.

Must I longer pine and languish,
 Will you false and cruel prove,
 Hither haste to ease my Anguish.
 And reward your Coelia's Love.
 Faithless Damon's, &c.

Think O think how thus deceiving,
 Tender Virgins hearts are won,
 Foolish maids, too soon believing,
 Are by faithless Men undone.
 Faithless Daman's, &c.

A

A SONG
In the D U E N N A,
A H sure a pair was never seen,
So justly form'd to meet by nature
The youth excelling to in mein,
The maid in every grace of feature,
O how happy are such lovers,
When kindred beauties, each
discovers,
For surely she,
Was made for thee
And thou to bless this lovely creature.
So mild yor looks your children thence
Will learn the task of duty, —
The boys will all their father's sense,
The girls with all their mother's beauty
O how happy to inherit,
At once such graces and such spirit,
Thus while you live
May fortune give —
Each blessing — equal to your merit.

A SONG
In the D U E N N A,
H Ad I a heart for falsehood fram'd,
I ne'er could injure you,
And tho' your tongue no promise claim'd
Your charms wou'd make me true,
To you no soul shall bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong,
But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And lovers in the young,
But when they learn that you have blest
Another wit i your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brothers part,
Then lady drest no her deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong,
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

A Favorite SONG,
Called the

Rosy Dimpled Boy,
Sung at Mary-le-Bone Gardens
C Ome thou rosy dimpled boy,
Source of every heart felt joy,
Leave the blissful bowers a while,
Paphos and the Cyprian Isle,
Visit Britions rocky shore,
Britions to thy power adore,
Britions hardy bold and free,
Own thy laws and yield to thee.
Source of every heart felt joy,
Come thou rosy dimpled boy.
Hast to Sylvia haste away.
This is thine and Hymen's day,
Bid her thy soft bandage wear.
Bid her for love's rites prepare,
Let the nymphs with many a flower,
Deck the sacred nuptia bower,
Thither lead the lovely fair,
And let Hymen too be there,
This is thine and Hymen's day,
Haste to Sylvia haste away,
Only whic we love we live.
Love alone can pleasure give,
Pomp and power and tincl state,
Those false pageants of the great,
Crowns scepters envied things,
And the pride of eastern kings,
Are but childish empty toys,
When compar'd to love's sweet joys,
Love alone can pleasure give,
Only while love w live.

LOVE
A new Song sung by
Mrs. Weichsel, at Vaux-Hall,
I N this shady blest retreat,
I've been wishing for my;
Hark! I hear his welcome feet,
Tell the lovely charmer near.
'Tis the sweet bewitching Swain,
True to love's appointed hour;
Joy and peace now smile again,
Love! I own thy mighty power.

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